

We're All the Same

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Mystery, Tragedy

Language: English

Characters: Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-08-27 00:11:03

Updated: 2013-08-27 00:11:03

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:57:13

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,474

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A one-shot of one young man and a tribe that will teach the world (meaning you, readers) of lives that are so different, but yet so similar between dragons and humans. This is during the time Vikings and dragons are still enemies and are at war against each others. This is between rated T and M.

We're All the Same

** :: :: We're All the Same :: ::**

By johnnylee619

* * *

><p>His name...is Draco Blake.<p>

A typical, noble Viking with hair black as night and skinny as a hiccup, but with that weight, it's what made him fast and agile. in the tribe of the Eagle Flight, his life is normal if it's the best to describe it. He has supportive parents, a crush, friends, and well enough fortune and skill to set his life as an Assassin.

Yes, his family is a family of Assassins, and damn it, he is very proud of it.

He has the devotion, the courage, and the bravery to fight for the world and for the freedom of others. He knows the sacrifice and the purpose of the Assassin, but he doesn't mind. His life is set and he's already prepared. So what could the Gods ask for more in his life?

Oh yeah, the dragon raid.

But that ain't a problem! Draco's tribe has perfect defense systems that can send those overgrown lizards to Hel - if they ever set foot

(or air) on their land. However, in the recent raids - and the previous ones after that - the Devil's minions seemed to be getting more powerful; more stronger; more aggressive; more smarter. But that doesn't concern them or Draco - even though they should - so what's the actual problem?

Oh yeah, the girl he love, Freya.

She was the girl next door. Her smooth, strawberry hair, her shiny gray eyes, her, beautiful face, and that holy voice of hers is what made his days very grace. Not only is she his crush, but also his best-friend, so why not tell her his feelings now before he's sets off to his full training and upcoming initiative in about a week?!

(In the land of the Eagle Flight, it is set as one of the Assassins' base, but for Draco to become a full-fledge Assassins, he need to go to it's origin: the Alamut Castle, home of the Assassins, located at South Caspian.)

Oh yeah, for a fifteen year old who can kill twenty men in five seconds, he's sure is shy.

But this week, before his final day in his home before he's gone for a few years, he's going to do something special for her.
A...romantic surprise if you should say.

But it ain't easy, since he had no idea how in the world to plan a surprise romance. He's hopelessly shy when it comes to Freya. It's a miracle how he can spend the day with her - as a friend - without chocking from his own sweat!

So why is this story important? Why is this story being told to you? Why would you want to hear about a man's perfect life, even if it's going to piss you off since you don't have that sort of life and that sort of luxury?

Well, here's why:

His name...is Draco...

...and this is his story.

(Remember this:

"Not everything is as it seems...")

:: ::

Day one

Six days till departure

Early morning

The village square...

"So, any idea how you're gonna surprise Freya?" Jacob asked. He's the second closest friend to Draco, behind Fraya.

"Nope, and the suspense is killing me!" Draco responded nervously.

"Patience, lad, you're not going to go anywhere with this if you're gonna act like that."

"I know, I know, but still...this could be the biggest challenge of my life."

"What, becoming a man instead of being a sissy," Jacob said jokingly, which earned him a punch in the shoulder.

"NO! Winning her heart! And besides, I have stood, facing hundreds of men - superior to you and me - all of them dead, so don't you DARE call me a sissy!" Draco yelled at Jacob. Although, he might be overreacting here.

"Shiss, come down, sister,"

"Oh shut up! Look, you got any ideas?" he asked.

"It's your plan, your responsibility. I don't know any of this romance stuff as much as you do...sooooo, good luck!" Jacob jogged away from Draco, waving goodbye.

Since the start of Draco's idea, he's been asking for help from each of his friends. Jacob was the last one, which ended with the same result as the others, so now he's all on his own. Asking his parents for help would just be awkward. "Gee, thanks for the support..." he said sarcastically.

Walking all the way to the blacksmith shop on the corner of the village, he decided to take his time shapening the weapons and do some extra work for his boss, Maxium the Crafter. After all, doing his favorite hobbie can help him think and focus more on his other subjects. His other favorite hobbie - or painly just relaxing - is walking, hanging out, and sitting on the top of the mountain, far side of his village, to just clear his mind in the air of the sky. He's can't fly (obliviously since he's human), but being in the present of the atmosphere counts, and he loves every bit of it spending his time there, along with Freya of course. Funny thing about that, is that they don't seems to mind the colder it gets for being in a high altitude. Another funny think about that, is that he seems to be more comfort and confidence in the environment with her without passing out if she ever walks or stayed by him.

"..."

Of course! That should be where he can tell her how he truly loves her, he thought. It was that simple as it is, he doesn't need to plan a surprise, all he needs is his comfort that can give him enough confidence to tell her. It was that simple.

He quickly put the hammer and the broken tomahawk down and rushed towards Freya's house. He was going to invite her and tell her a surprise up on the mountain.

All she'll have to do is follow, clime-

(Oh right, they're Parkour)

-wait, and _listen_.

As he kept running and running until he finally stood at the front door, he knocks; there was one problem. No one answer.

Waiting for several minutes, he got tired and decided to ask someone if they have seen Freya or even her family.

One peasant finally answered, "Oh, the Alrik family? Why, they _left_ for a _week_ hunt for the preparation of the Freeze."

His heart sank, he needed to tell her now. Here's why:

One, he's suppose to leave in about a week, same for Freya's return.

Two, the news of his departure was only announce by his mother and father to him not long as a day ago, where he had been in the woods the whole day with his parents on a hunt too.

Three, because it was only yesterday, he didn't get a chance to tell her the news, so what kind of best-friend/future husband is he if he's going to leave her and _not_ telling her about this, let alone _not_ saying goodbye!?

He growled at the news, he need to think of a way to see her, and fast!

He may be a skilled warrior, stealth, thief, swordsman, and crafter, but that doesn't mean he's anywhere near to be able to think outside the box.

Which is why he may think of the most easiest plan in the world, in a matter of _three_ days only.

Yeah, that's how slow he is.

(Remember this:

"Not everything is as it seems...")_

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Day four

Three days till departure

_Mid-day _

The docks...

"You want WHAT?!" Arthur the Fisher shouted.

"Please, Arthur, I'm leaving in about three days and I need to talk to Freya. She's the only one who doesn't know that I'm leaving and I need tell her a goodbye, it is _extremely_ important!" Draco explained.

"Kid, you're telling me that you want to borrow my boat, to find one girl, in the whole entire sea in the middle of nowhere, and just to tell her a goodbye?"

Dazing for a minutes, Draco finally answered, "Yes."

"Huhhhh, look, I would lend you my boat - since I don't have any order to catch some fishes from Cheif Norrock - but how are you to find one boat in the middle of _nowhere_" he asked.

"Oh please, it's easy! I got a good sense of smell so strong, I can track a _dog_ all across the _world_! If I can do that, then I'm sure as hel that I can track _one_ girl."

He looked at Draco for a minute, not really sure if he's exaggerating (cause Draco always does that!), and said, "Well...you are the son of the Blake family; your skill of the hunt are well known and quite impressive," he think for a moment again, "You know what? Sure you can borrow my boat, but be quick! I don't want to get in trouble with your parents if they found out what you've been doing or where you have gone."

"Don't worry, I be back in the jiffy," said Draco. He quickly hopped on the boat and untied the knot binding between the dock and boat. He waved a farewell and his quick search began.

However, due to the fact that he always underestimated his challenges, has a lack of self-preservation, or that he is impatient, it seems his search would go a little bit longer.

And the irony of that, is that in about a few hours or so, Freya and her family would return.

It seems the Gods are finally turning the tide of Draco's fortune.

(Remember this:

"Not everything is as it seems...")_

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Day six

One days till departure

Mid-day

From sea to village...

Fortunately, Draco's parents had a little delay on returning home on their hunting trip since multiple bears and other wild animals snatched up all of the food they'd manage to catch, so this leaves him more time to search for Freya. On the other hand, he seems to be running out of food and his sense on her were getting further and wearing off.

'Damn it, Freya! Where are you?! I'm gonna have to turn back soon...' he thought._

>

(Back at Eagle Flight...)

"He did WHAT?!" Freya shouted at Arthur. It had been two days since she and her parents came back. It took a while - since she had thought that Draco's parents and himself had gone hunting again - but finally, a friend of hers had explain to her everything. All except his search for her.

"I SAID, HE TOOK MY BOAT AND SAILED OUT TO FIND YOU! CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?!" he shouted back. Apparently he doesn't get Freya's sarcasm.

"How long has he been gone?" She asked.

"Uhh...two days, I think."

Surprisingly, she grab Arthur's collar in a extreme strength and force and whispered to him, "Now, listen closely; I need you to lend me a boat and keep this between you and me, I'm going to find him and be back in a jiffy, _got it_?"

He - in fear - nodded his head hastily.

After setting things up, she set sail.

On the side of Freya's story, she too had a crush on Draco, and she too was an Assassins, but in training.

She may not be as strong as Draco, but she's sure damn _fast_. She'll find him in not time.

_(Few hours later, b__ack at seas...)_

Disappointed and had enough, Draco turn the boat around. He only had one day left to explain to her everything, but that plan seems to be snatch away like a fish from a dragon.

It had been many hours, but - placing his hope too high - seems to get nothing out of this. Suddenly, from anger to frustration, became sorrow and regret.

If he could of just tolf her everything _**sooner**_, he thought.

In a forthwith, he heard a shout of attention...

Which happens to be his name...

Which happens to be the voice of an angel...

Turning his head in all of direction, he finally caught a glimpse of _Freya_. Either it was luck, or the Gods have finally answered his prayer.

A few minutes past and Freya was in front of Draco, shouting what in the name of Thor is he doing out in the middle of the sea, if he could hear it. All time seems to slow down and all volume of his surrounding had stayed shut. He was sacred, he was frustrated, he was angry and regret that he didn't told Freya this sooner. He felt completely and absolutely _stupid_ or _childish_ for being a

coward.

If he truly loved her, then why is he **afraid** of telling her.

So, he took a deep breath quietly, he closed his eyes, he took a "leap of faith"...

And he kissed her.

Freya was shocked - eyes widen - then surprise, but quickly flowed into a passionate kiss with Draco. In her mind, she was cheering from this surprise. Mainly because she...sort of have a little crush on Draco as well-

But this kiss...it's different. It was more of relieved, more of-of...of love than a simple crush. This was a sign...a sign that they are truly in love with each other.

They pull each other closer and held onto their kiss for what felt like the most peaceful moment in their universe, felt like eternity...felt like peace and grace had shined over them for the first time in their lives. Essentially, any type of cheesy comment of phrase, metaphor, or simile when it comes to these love birds.

So it comes to their decision that they both had been waiting for this moment - no - **event**, for a long, long time.

They broke off, disappointed, but wise move, since they were running out of breath. Sadly, play time's over, cause there's a lot of explaining to do.

"Wh-Where were you, and where's your parents? Did something happen to them?" asked Draco.

"Drac, I've been back for two days now, where were you?!" she said, poking his shoulder painfully.

Rubbing his shoulder, Draco had a thought of the irony he had been through. Two days ago was when he left and two days ago was when Freya return, he thought.

"I-I've been looking for you-"

"-That explains the kiss," she interrupted him. She started to blush and so did Draco.

"Well...ummmm, it's more than just that, I mean, I'm-"

"-Leaving tomorrow for your full training and initiation," she interrupted him...again.

"You know?" This dumbstruck Draco to a whole new level. That, and that he's relieved that he doesn't have to explain everything to her. Saves him a lot of time.

"Arthur told me..." she replied.

And that was it, all but silence; having no idea what to say or do. That is, until Draco broke it, "So, uh, what now?" Again, silents.

They took things well for the first five minutes, but now, knowing what's happening tomorrow, how will they plan this?

Draco is leaving for many years and Freya just found out that he loves her as well as she loves him.

He really didn't see that coming.

He sat down on the floorboard as he started to remembered his regret, 'I should have told her sooner.'

Feeling something is wrong, Freya sat by Draco to the left to comfort him and said, "Hey, hey, what's the matter?" she nudged his shoulder.

"It's just...why couldn't I have done this earlier? We could have more time...more time for each other, more time to plan things out on our 'long distance-relationship'." The last of his word earn Freya a chuckle, but she stop at the moment to replied;

"I know, but it's simple, right? We...we can make a promise, an oath to each other, what about that? O-Or we can write each others a letter, every month?"

Draco lift his head up to her and smile, "Yeah...yeah that could work..." He reached onto his neck and pulled out a necklace, "...I found this necklace from one of our raids on an island inhabited by dragons," he pointed at the center of what looks like an "n", "This symbol here, it's called uruzi; it represent the power of understanding, wisdom, and most of all, strength, to anything in life," he slowly placed and tied the knot around Freya's neck, "When you keep this necklace on ya, this shows that you still love me no matter what, and that we'll always be together." When he was finally done talking, they both stared at each other for a long time, and then - as obvious - they kissed again.

"I promise..." Freya whispered.

(Remember this:

"Not everything is as it seems...")

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Day seven

Today's the day

Early afternoon

The Mead Hall...

Well, everything went smoothly. Everyone - except Arthur - never knew about their little adventure, all they knew is that both of them are a couple now.

Today's the day of Draco's embarkment as everyone came to the Mead Hall to celebrate his start-off journey and gave him their farewell. The most that was affected was Draco's father and Freya herself. His father had always dreamt of this day, and as for Freya; both of them

had finally admitted to each other...and now he's leaving for multiple years.

It sucks, boo hoo.

Now, early evening rises as the sun barely set, at the dock is a long boat with few of Draco's companions to help guide him to his destination. Many of Draco's friends and families stood by him and gave their last goodbyes (for Freya, it was a long, loving kiss)...

And then he set sail.

For hours has past, Draco was watching the sky as the sun still barely setting itself. Out of nowhere, a roar was heard. The crew took out their weapons for any sign of dragons, and by Thor...

Thousands of them, flying a full fleet of armada, preparing for attack. They must have not seen them, for they flew past them. It was fortunate for Draco...but not fortunate for Eagle Flight. Those large bloodthirsty reptilian were going to attack their home!

"Quick, pull back, we must return to help the others, quick!" ordered the leader of the crew, and so they did. This was more than just a raid, it was an invasion. For Draco, seeing an invasion like this was once in a life time, and the first time for Eagle Flight to have this type of attack from dragons. He clutches his hand tighter in the fence of the boat under the wood split to pieces. He was scared. Scared for everyone on the island right now, but most of all...

'Freya,' he thought of her as a flashing view point show both of them together; happily forever after.

That last thought seems to be throwing out of the window now.

An hour later...

It was catastrophic. Everything...everything is gone; there was nothing left, nothing to rebuild, nothing to find, nothing to save.

They're all dead. Everyone. Friends, families, you name it. All dead.

Bodies after bodies all laying on the dirt, either burned to crisp or teared to pieces. For the building - houses, markets, Mead Hall, etc. - all their children, mothers, and elders were burned alive in the fire.

The crew on the boat rushes to the village to find their families, thinking that maybe they had run off into the woods. What they will find is already gone. For others, they sob to the ground where their brothers, friends, and even their children and wives, who were caught in the crossfire, died with the rest.

At least they're in a better place now.

Draco took it the worse, for he is the only child that wasn't killed. Lying next to him were his parents, while far across from him to the Mead Hall were his friends, all gruesomely eaten alive with only few limbs intact left.

Everyone that came from that boat were crying. They're Vikings, so it's not accustomed to cry, but seeing this makes you think of a person being a cold-hearted freak, to dare to just let out a mourn and not let your tears fall through your cheeks like a waterfall.

Draco ventured the remaining parts of the Mead Hall. It wasn't built as a building like the rest - although they had gigantic doors which explains the dragons capability of fitting in - it was build under the mountain where Draco and Freya used to visited to the top.

"Freya..." he whispered, as he bowed his head in sadden and clutched his two hands in anger, so much anger to the dragons, that both of his palm eventually began to bleed fluidly, with his nail sticking in like a butter knife.

"Dr-Draco?..." Said of his name jerked his head up. Someone was calling his name. Someone in the hall. Someone familiar. He quickly followed the voice, eventually, he found her.

Freya was weakening on the concrete floor, holding up her favorite dagger, and covered completely with blood of her own and another victims. He felt like he was going to throw up, but he didn't. In fact, he didn't give a damn about those, he quickly rushed to the floor and lifted only half of her body up, for carrying her or making her stand will make the pain grow worse.

"Oh my Thor...Freya, it's going to be okay, you hear me? It's going to be alright, ju-just stay with me, okay?" His tears began to pour over, knowing that in her condition she is not going to make it.

"D-Draco...do-don't you see..." Her voice was aching; she slowly pulled off the uruz necklace he gave to her, "...I've al-always been with you." Draco smiled tearfully and brushed the side of her hair slowly, "We-We didn't do much to-together...but these pa-past days had been the be-best." they hailed both of their right hands together tight as she lifted up her remaining strength, to give him one long and last kissed, and one three simple words and last...

And she finally let go.

"Fr-Freya?" Draco called, but no respond. She was cold and dead.

It was quiet now; time seemed to stop. Draco was shaking ferociously, he weeped in pain and agony for his lost. He burried his face by her neck and shoulder. Crying, begging, and praying for Odin to return her soul to her vessel, but there was nothing but a pool of blood and a dead body.

For what seems like hours now from his weep, he finally emerge from the Hall. His eyes were red from salty waters, what's on his hands now was the body of Freya, and what stood in front of him was the

remaining tribe burying the rest. Arthur was one of the crew, who slowly walked up the stairs to talk to Draco.

"You want me to bury her?" he whispered in question.

"No..no, I-I'll do it...and so for my parents." Arthur startled with his answer. No kid shall ever have to bury his love ones; it's traumatizing.

But he's not a kid anymore, is he? It seems that he is all on his own.

Night shines the use-to-be village, as the crew settle up their stuff for their leave. The rest had said their goodbyes, Draco was still whimpering. He had just dug and buried his own parents and his soulmate.

Once he was done, he made his leave, saying goodbye once more before leaving for good. He can't return there, not anymore, it's just too much bear.

Anger welled up inside him, revenge and psychopathic fantasy of all the slaughtering on the dragons popped inside his head. He wanted to kill to them all! But he knew better...he knew better than to stoop to their level. Knew that if he were to do what they did to him, then he's no better than they are. In fact, he'll be a monster, to think about killing their own hatchling in cold-blooded was just something Freya would not want. She would want him to live, continued his life, save what's left, move on and start anew. He knew her enough in her heart that that's what she wants, and he's going to live up for it.

He walked away...

And he never looked back.

(Remember this:

"Not everything is as it seems...")

:: ::

So why this story? What was so important about this story? Why does it always say at each end, "Not everything is as it seems..."? Well, the answer this:

Draco...is a dragon, but he's not just any dragon, but a Night Fury.
>

You all known him now as Toothless.

As you can see, the dragons in this story weren't...well, "dragons", but they are nothing more than just Vikings. The Vikings are not "Vikings", but they are just dragons.

This story was an illusion to show the world of how these two species are so similar, but yet, so different.

Where we are Vikings, and so are they,

_Where we are dragons, and so are they, _

_Where we are men, we are beast, _

_We are all human in the inside by the base of our humanity, _

_We are all the same... _

* * *

><p>AN: If you are confused, it is basically a switching position to both sides; of how the dragons' society works similar to the Vikings. They hunt, they work, they love, they have families, and they protect each others as the others do the same. Vikings sometimes do a raiding of their own, and so does the dragons._

**Two sides, fighting for survival and doing the same thing everyday; they're just different, that's all...**

**There are moments that are odd that feels like only a dragon could do, like Draco/Toothless slaying hundreds of men, only a dragon is that powerful and capable of killing that much in one go, not a fifteen-year old boy.**

**So all of this is basically an illusion.**

**Please R&R, folks! Really appreciative!**

End
file.